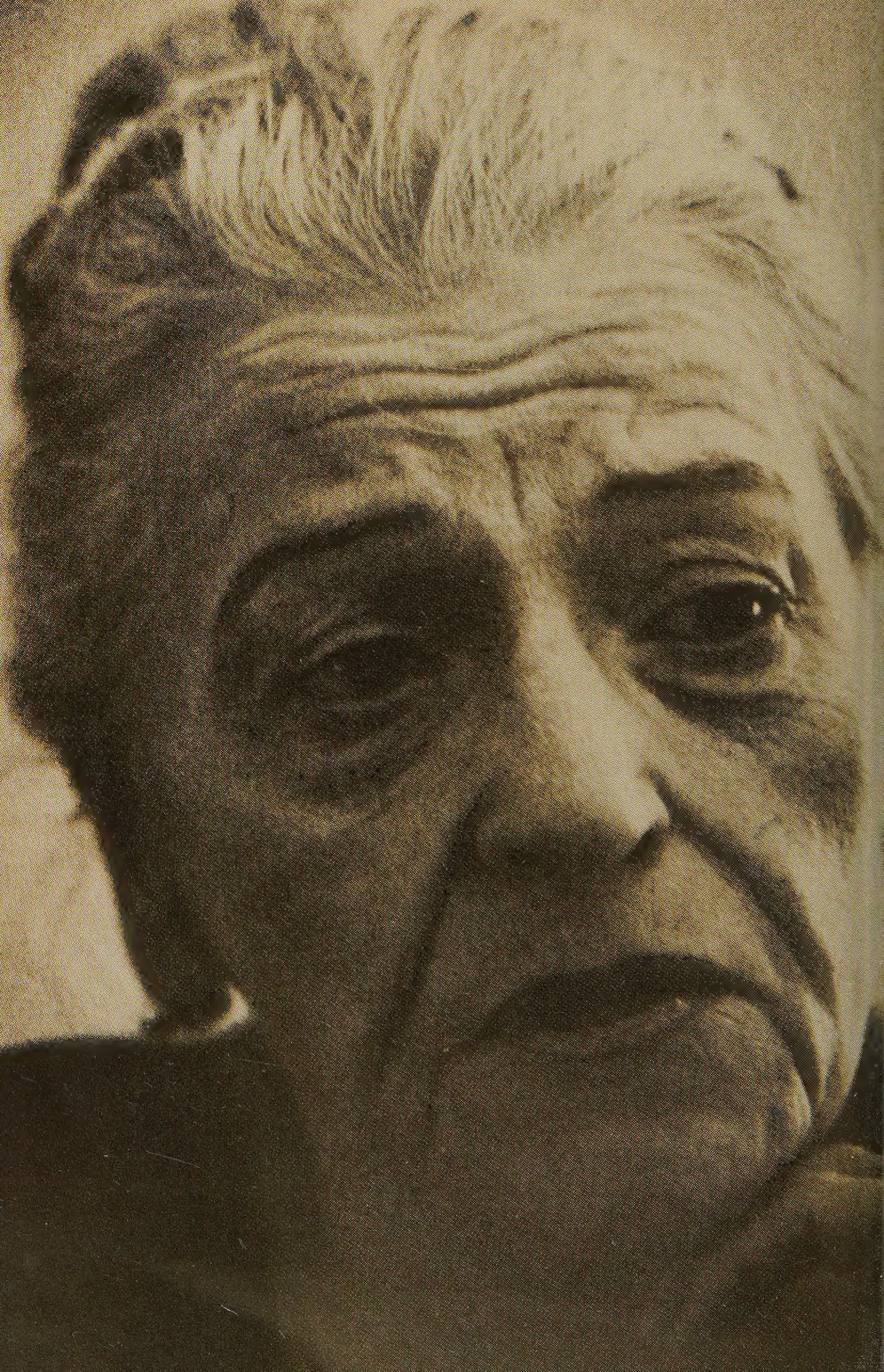


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Youth /

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YOUTH INTERVIEWS PEARL BUCK
TEACHER CONDEMNS PIZZA MENTALITY
A REFEREE SPEAKS HIS MIND!





YOUTH INTERVIEWS PEARL BUCK

WHO IS PEARL BUCK? Pearl S. Buck was born in West Virginia in 1892 of missionary parents. Her family returned to China five months later. She spent her childhood in the city of Chinkiang, where she learned to speak Chinese before English. She was taught to write English by her mother. As she grew older, she began to write, and these little pieces were appearing in the Shanghai Mercury, an English-language newspaper which had a weekly edition for children.

This was the start of a brilliant literary career which has included winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1932 (for *The Good Earth*), the Howells Medal, and the Nobel Prize for Literature. In the course of this career, she has written over 65 books to date—and is still writing.

Well of her life, Miss Buck has been interested in the problems of children—retarded, orphaned, of mixed racial lines. She herself has raised nine adopted children in addition to her own child. Her most recent activities, other than writing, have been the establishment in 1949 of Welcome House, Inc., an adoption agency for children of mixed Asian-American heritage, and in 1964 the Pearl S. Buck Foundation designed for the welfare and education of those children born of American fathers and Asian mothers who must remain in the countries where they are born.

Miss Buck, you've just had published a book called *Children for Adoption*—what does this book have to do with our teen-age readers?

Well, I think it speaks to teenagers because in large part this is a problem caused by teenagers. Of the quarter of a million children born out of wedlock in our country, more than half come from high school girls. And, of the young men, stationed as soldiers or other personnel in the Asian countries of Japan, Korea, Vietnam, Okinawa, and elsewhere, have left behind them thousands of half-American children, who can find no place in the cultures of the countries where they are born.

Is this what your book is about?

Yes, it's about these children—the real tragedy of our children is that many of them are not wanted. These quarter of a million children born in the U. S. every year are not wanted or they would not be given for adoption. The man departs, the girl goes away for a few months and has the baby and thinks, well, I can give it to someone. In the book I take up the point that an adopted child, however fortunately he is placed, never quite overcomes from the fact that his first mother left him and the child has permanent scars which the adopted parents have to heal as best they can.

Half of the babies born out of wedl

Q: Welcome House is seeking to find homes for these children. How did Welcome House start?

A: One day, some 15 years ago, the need arose. It was December and Christmas was in the air. I had been busy with shopping and gift-wrapping and I had let the mail pile up on my desk. Somewhere in the heap was a long white envelope from an adoption agency. And why, I wondered, would an adoption agency write to me now? Our children were nearly grown and we had no thought of adding to our family.

"Can you help us?" the letter inquired. "We consider this the finest child we have ever had in the agency." It was my first acquaintance with Robbie. There before my eyes were the bare facts of his brief life: age, 15 months; father, East Indian; mother, American white; intelligence, excellent; ancestry, impeccable; skin color, brown. . . . And the child, because he had no where to lay his head when he was born into this world, was put out for adoption, but no one wanted him. In a few days, the letter said, Robbie would have to go to a Negro orphanage. "Not that we have any prejudice," the kind social worker hastened to add. "It's just that we can't get him into a white one. Yet it seems a pity to put the burden of prejudice on a little boy, if he can escape it."

I called up the agency and told them that we would take the baby, not to adopt, for my husband and I were long past the approved age for adoption, but we would at least care for Robbie until we found parents for him. The good social worker, in reply, warned me that there was little hope for that, for she had written to every state in the Union and to Hawaii as well, but with no results.

One night, deep in the darkness, the doorbell rang and there stood the good woman with a little boy in a red snowsuit in her arms. He was sucking his thumb and his eyes were huge and tragic, with the look that always reveals a child without home and parents. I took him in my arms, and he was as motionless in the arms of a stranger as a bird is in the hand of a human being.

The social worker went away, and Robbie's eyes did not change. He knew that it did not matter who came



teen-age mothers



Youth

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The church has a tremendous influen

or went. He belonged to nobody. At that moment anger faded from my heart and love began. I took him upstairs to my own room, I undressed him and bathed him warm and clean and put on a pair of wooly pajamas that I had found in the attic chest. He uttered not a sound, he did not make a move to protest. He did not cry. It was I who cried because he was so desperately brave. I rocked him awhile and he looked at me with those great dark eyes, wondering who I was and why he was here. I put him in the crib beside my bed, and he lay, not sleeping, but sucking his thumb again. I turned on the night light so that he could see me and know that I was ready for his small brown hand, extended tentatively through the bars of the crib. Again and again that little hand came toward me in the night, and each time I received it into my own.

Of course, I could not sleep. I could not sleep for remembering all those little children that I had seen in other countries. I was naive enough at this point to believe what I had been told: that nobody wanted to adopt mixed-blood children.

Upon this premise I proceeded toward the first stage of Welcome House Inc. I would find a good and kind family in my neighborhood, a couple much younger than my husband and I, and I would ask them to be parents to the babies and we would be grandparents. As other children came, we would hopefully, find other families. Meanwhile, we could help with the children's support and persuade our friends to help. Ours is a friendly community, founded upon the precepts of Quakers and Mennonites. I did take the precaution, however, of consulting the leaders in the community. They came to our house one night and we talked the plan over. I explained about the mixed-blood children in Asia, and what their hardships are. I said I could not bear to have the same thing happen here. I described the beauty, I quoted the hybrid corn, the hybrid rose. They listened, and when all had been said and heard, our storekeeper spoke in his stout Pennsylvania-Dutch accent: "Ve noddt only want them, ve vill be proudt to have them." So Welcome House began.

Q: Has placing Asian-American children been a problem?

A: Not really. We found that people did want to adopt the mixed-blooded babies and once we took the firm stand that parents must not be rejected on grounds of non-matching race and religion, the rest was easy. One thing leads to another. We saw other difficult-to-place children here in the United States, the orphaned child, the lonely handicapped child. They need parents, too. Parenthood has nothing to do with color, race or religion. It has to do with far deeper likeness of mind and heart and soul. So I can dream of a day when childless parents will take a child for their own without caring what the color of the skin may be. On that day pre-



which it doesn't use

dice will really be ended and the ultimate reach of love achieved.

Q: Is the number of children born out of wedlock here and overseas increasing?

A: Yes.

Q: Do you have any insights into why this is?

A: Yes. It's the greater freedom that's given now-a-days. Our standards have been changing since the end of the war. For example, many men today don't demand that a girl be a virgin when they marry her. Sex standards have changed very much. Women are much more free than they used to be.

Q: How did this freedom, without a sense of responsibility, come about?

A: I think that more than anything else, it's because men came back from the war with different standards about women. When they were abroad, they lived differently with women and when they came back they wanted the same kind of woman they had had abroad. And you know, women really and truly are shaped by what men want.

Q: How do you respond, then, to young people who say, "Well, I haven't been taught any better. This is what the adult world does"?

A: One hears that very much. But, then, I think they have a responsibility. Because one generation fails is no excuse for the next generation to fail also. They ought to correct what they don't like. In terms of soldiers overseas, I think if they knew what sort of problems the children they father will have, they would take thought before they produced children who would lead such miserable lives.

Q: You are emphasizing not only bringing children here for adoption, but also care for children who can't be adopted, isn't that correct?

A: Right. When I was in Korea and Japan a few years ago I saw so many children, I realized adoption wasn't the only answer—and that we have to do both. Our severe immigration laws allow only the best and healthiest children to enter our country. This means that the less intelligent, the less attractive, the less able, will be left behind to represent the country of the father. It can be no credit to the U. S. to have half-American

Our nation suffers when half-American

children running about as beggars and potential criminals in the streets of Asian cities.

Q: In terms of your foundation and particularly in terms of these children when they are here, do you find any problems in their adjustment?

A: No. Of course, you have to be careful what families they go to so that they are not families with a built-in prejudice.

Q: What do you mean by "a built-in prejudice"?

A: Well, an inherited prejudice. As Oscar Hammerstein says, "You have been taught to hate," and I think parents do sometimes.

Q: There has been a lot of talk these days about race mixing—do you find that these children are an example pro or con in terms of this fear?

A: Well, I'm not sitting here to advocate race mixture, because if I did I'd have such a mail tomorrow that I couldn't stand it. But, just as the hybrid corn is the best corn and the hybrid rose is the best rose, our geneticist feels the best civilizations have come from hybrid people.

Q: What is your feeling in terms of faith as a help or hindrance in trying to build a better world?

A: Do you mean religion?

Q: Yes, religion.

A: It's a very interesting thing how, in different ways, people search for the truth. The Christians and Buddhists and all religions try to solve the great questions of life and death by faith—and the scientist does it by hypothesis. I have nothing to criticize in either approach. I think the church, if you want to speak of organized religion, has a tremendous influence which it doesn't use.

Q: For example?

A: Well, it's a very unusual thing to have what's happened recently—Christian ministers giving help with civil rights. So often they sit at home in their churches and preach from their pulpits and tolerate segregation in their churches—I don't understand that. I won't go to a church that is segregated, I wouldn't think of it. I don't go to church anyway, as a matter of fact, but I wouldn't go certainly if they're segregated.

Q: May I explore this question? Why don't you go to church?

A: I'm bored at church. I like the music. The last time I went to church was when a Welcome House baby was adopted. Of course, I went to church when I was a child. My father being a minister, I had to go, but I was bored by his sermons, too. He always preached too long. But the last time I went to church, it was so nice—a beautiful Presbyterian church, my family's Presbyterian church right back to the beginning of time, a lovely, little country church and peaceful, and the choir was nice, and there was a nice minister there—sort of old, but nice, and he said some good things, and I thought, well, maybe, I've been missing something not coming

Children run around Asia as beggars

church. And then he came out with a statement—"If you're not a Christian, you're a Communist—and there are just two kinds of people in the world today, Communist and Christian." Well, coming from Asia and knowing all the old Asian religions of Buddhism and Hinduism and Confucian philosophy, I knew that this was just utter nonsense. I never went back to church again.

Do you feel, then, that the organized church today is basically irrelevant?

No, I don't. I think anything that comforts and inspires people, even though it may not inspire me, is good. If you can find any help anywhere, you'll find it. But considering the hold the churches do have on people, they don't use their influence the way they should. They seem to be content to have church suppers and bingo and what not.

In other words, the church can make a person too comfortable.

And it gives him a false sense of security. Just because you go to church, you think maybe that's enough and all that.

You mentioned the pastor's statement that if you're not a Christian you're a Communist. In terms of your interest in China and also your work in Korea, do you ever get this tag put on you, that you are a Communist?

Or a Christian? Both. Yes, both.



This photo, taken a few years ago, shows Pearl Buck and four of her adopted daughters.

Respect for life is proof



Q: Why do people fear being called a Communist?

A: Well, it's a dirty word. Nowadays, it's the worst word you can use, to call a person a Communist. I don't know what word they used before that, but ever since McCarthy time, people have had fear of that word. In my case, it's ridiculous, because I was nearly killed by the Communists in China and today they wouldn't hear of my coming back there.

Q: In terms of your work in inter-racial understanding, what do you feel is the major need for us today in our nation?

A: To do something here at home. It's hopeless to work in Asia when we have all of this going on here at home. I think we are doing things; I'm not discouraged. I think that Martin Luther King is going about it the right way with non-violence. It's interesting the way the doctrine of non-violence has gone back and forth across the world—Emerson and Thoreau getting it from India first; then Gandhi taking it from them; then Martin Luther King taking it from Gandhi. It's been very efficacious.

Q: One of the things that I know you are concerned about, and talk particularly about in *Children for Adoption*, is the loveless society. What do you feel are evidences today of this being a loveless society?

A: I think it shows in our literature for one thing. So many of our novels are written about people who feel themselves unloved and who love no one.

Q: Is this because it's difficult to tell a story about good people?

A: It isn't that. These books are popular because so many people feel the way the books describe. They have been rejected. I think partly it's the breakdown in the family and the fact that many people are without families and live without families. I noticed that in Japan, with all their modernization the Japanese have never let go of their families and it's their safeguard against being lost. But in this country we don't have anything to take the place of the family and it's amazing how many individuals have nobody.

Q: Growing up in a society like this, what do you feel is the hope for the teenager?

A: Well, I live in the midst of teenagers, I have my own and I hear what they say. They tend to blame their parents and excuse themselves. Of course I think that if you don't like what you have, you must create something better. It's not enough just to excuse yourself and say, well, my parents did thus and so. In fact, I see in the newest teenagers—not in the 20-year-olds but in the 15- and 16-year-olds, an independence that I like. I mean determination to do things differently and a wish to learn that is quite encouraging.

Q: What are the main points that you make in your book that you would hope this generation of teenagers would learn and change?

A: When a child is born he is already a human being, and as such he has a right to the opportunities and joys of life. He should not be burdened

maturity in an individual and society

in the cruel circumstances of his birth over which he has no control. There is no such person as an illegitimate child and this has often been so said. He appears according to the laws of nature. What is illegitimate is the condemning environment into which he is born. Innocent though he is born guilty of a crime he has not committed. He suffers for it all his life.

Why do mothers chafe because they are mothers? Why do fathers pay little heed to their children? And this whether there is marriage or not? I cannot answer these questions. I only know that the answers are to be found in our lack of love, and in the immaturity which insists upon freedom to do as one likes, regardless of others. One does not wish to be dependent when one loves; therefore love is lacking, that steadfast love which includes respect for life and all living things, in itself the sign and proof of maturity in an individual and in a people.

The child is the most helpless of creatures. He makes his brave fight at birth, and next to air and food he needs love if he is to continue to live and grow. It is frightening to think of the situation where he is deprived of the security of steadfast love. And who will love him except his parents? He is totally dependent upon them. I contemplate his fear when they are angry with him, the unpredictability of tempers, the swiftness of an unexpected blow, the utter loneliness in which a child lives when he comes to believe himself unloved, and I am struck to the heart. I know, from confidences given to me through the years that many persons grow up in that loneliness and are never able to love anyone because they have not had the experience of love in childhood.

If this can happen in a family, what of those who have no families, those who are rejected at birth by the man and woman who brought them to life? I come back to the point at which I began. Somewhere, somehow, we must consider the nature of love, how to give it, how to receive it. It is the loveless man and woman who threaten our national life and culture. And each was once a loveless child.

How can teenagers help in the work you are doing?


We have a large number of teen-age committees throughout the United States. They are raising funds; they are asking for funds in their churches; they are distributing return envelopes, literature, and brochures about the foundation over many cities. They can participate in many, many ways. They can talk to groups about the foundation. They can arouse interest. They can collect and sort clothing.

If they want more information they can write to Pearl S. Buck, Philadelphia, Pa. We'll give them all the information and all the materials they need. We'll be happy to supply it.



BABY
SITTING
ARE YOU
UP TO IT?





BY ANITA OLACHEA / There you are—heating the baby's bottle with your right hand, plucking the four-year-old off the three-year-old with your left, and holding the dog at bay with your foot. Then the phone rings. . . .

What are you doing? Baby-sitting, that's what! Here's an area where teens are specially qualified!

Not all sessions are necessarily this lively, but the possibility that they might be has not discouraged more and more teenagers from turning to baby-sitting as the classic solution to the problem of part-time work. Young people are naturals for the job: the evening and weekend hours are those that fit best with their free time; further, teens usually not only like children but have a special talent for playing with them, plus the stamina to keep up with, distract, calm down, catch and tuck them in.

In the course of a relatively short life, baby-sitting has built itself into an occupation to be reckoned with. In fact, "baby-sitting," seems a rather modest label to attach to one of the country's newest professions—a profession which has grown into a big, booming billion-dollar-a-year business. If you work as a sitter, you are one of more than a million teens who do.

Nor is the "you" we're talking to just the girls. Male competition is moving in, as boys become increasingly aware of the benefits of this type of work. Not only are boys becoming more interested in baby-sitting, but they also have definite ideas about their ability to handle certain aspects of the job better than girls. For one thing, they are not afraid to be alone, and are less likely to bring their friends over with them. Boys feel they have more authority with children, that they can be more "stern" if the situation calls for it, and that small children actually have a greater sense of security with a male sitter.

If you are a sitter, what's important to remember?

Of primary importance is the fact that you are entrusted with the safety and happiness of other human beings. This should be your first concern—you are there in place of the parents.

It stands to reason that to be a good sitter, you must really like children. To be effective, you must establish a relationship of trust and love with, the

You are there to help . . . not simply to earn money

children so that they feel safe and secure when you are caring for them. If you can meet the child in advance before you first sit for him it is all to the good. And your attitudes toward the child and the job—such things as maturity and a sense of responsibility—can be detected in your dress and appearance, your punctuality, and the order, or disorder, with which you leave the house.

Professional agencies see to it that their sitters are well schooled in infant care, first aid, and the preparation of simple meals. Such basic skills should be required of everyone who babysits. In many cities, courses giving this kind of instruction are offered, especially for teenagers, by women's clubs, Y's, or church groups. If such a course isn't available, you might do some boning up by yourself.

You should see to it that parents provide you with information about the children and the house: you should know the number, names, and ages of the children; whether there are any pets; if there are any hidden "hazards" in the house; if certain rooms are off limits to the child; or if there are things he may not do or eat. There should be a definite arrangement made about your fee.

It is also important to have certain information and instructions in writing. Phone numbers should be on this list (and make sure you know where the phone is!)—the one where the parents can be reached, the emergency ones like police, doctor and fire department. You should have detailed instructions for any medicine to be given, also the times for play, meals, and bed—and information on whatever games, stories, or bedtime ritual the child may like.

Baby-sitting is work that requires good will, common sense, creative energy—and a genuine interest in children. You are there to help, not simply to get through the chore and collect your money. You owe it to yourself and your employers to arrive equipped with something more than a pleasant smile, a strong arm, and a blind faith that the baby won't erupt into a tantrum and Billy won't hurl himself off the top of the TV.

Real emergencies are rare, but minor problems do pop up. The most common difficulty is that of getting the children to bed—but old-fashioned persistence usually seems to win out. Common sense is a big help. One boy, faced with a child who woke up frightened in the middle of the evening, simply brought him downstairs for a while and reassured him until he was quiet again.

As in all jobs, there are bound to be some things that bother you; on the other hand, parents often find things they'd like to change in their sitters. If lists were made up on the subject, they'd read something like this: Parents' complaints would center on sitters who clog up the telephone with extra-long calls; on boys who eat not just what is left for them, but anything else in sight; on girls who must have the company of their friends, especially boy friends; and on anyone who neglects to leave the house in

er, or who falls asleep on the job. Sitters would be happier if they were given more information about the children and the house; if parents reached at the time specified; and if they were not burdened with extra chores—an important point, since housework can distract a sitter from his responsibility and reason for being there—to watch the children.

But rules and lists only form the framework. The substance is filled in with what you give of yourself—of the love and concern which you as an individual bring to the job. Baby-sitting gives you a chance to get to know youngsters, why they behave as they do, and how to enjoy them. If it means you are sometimes called upon to bear too much in the line of duty, remember time and nature have a way of evening things up—that child will someday be a sitter himself one day. ▼

NITA OLACHEA / Miss Olachea is a free-lance writer working out of Philadelphia.

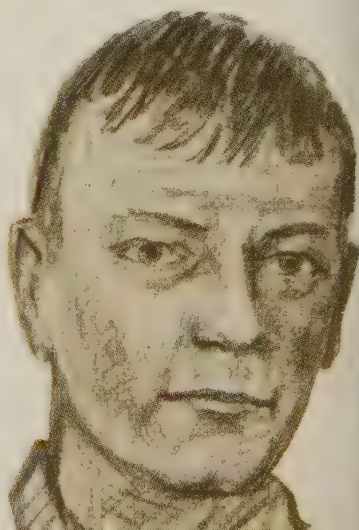


THEY GAVE UP! I QUIT!

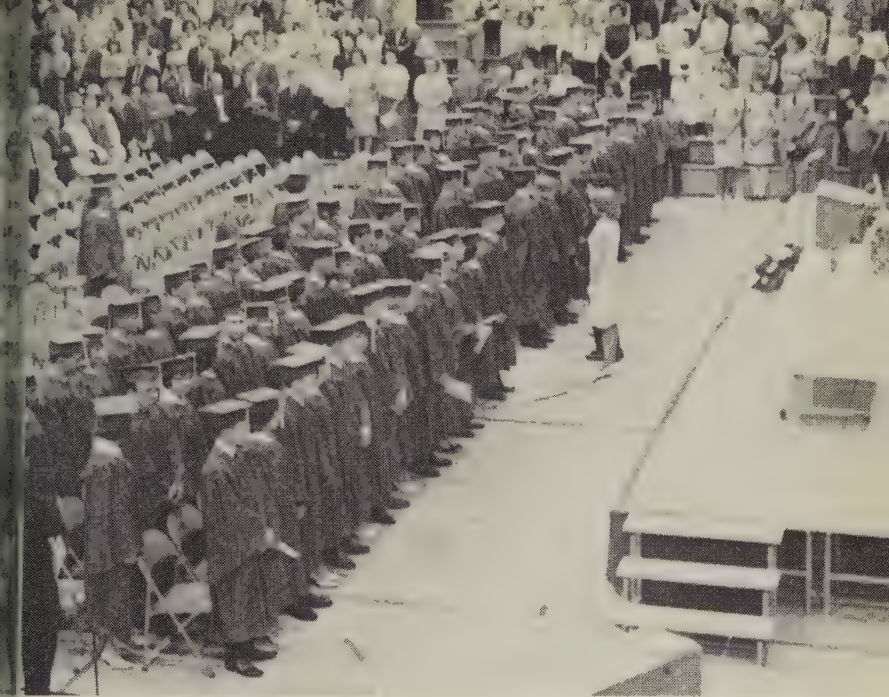


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Art by Charles Newt



A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER
REBELS IN MINNESOTA ...



ROBERT SIMPSON / "Wayzata, Minnesota, is a pleasant place to live in a pleasant part of the country, the suburbs of the Twin Cities. Wayzata, population 3500, is located a dozen miles from Minneapolis. It's right on the lake and the people that live there make the kind of money which enables them to fill the lake each summer with boats of all sorts. Thus, life in Wayzata tends to be peaceful and quiet; at least it did until April 1965. That's when the local weekly, *The Minnetonka Herald*, appeared carrying an ad written by an angry young man, named Douglas Sarff, attacking Wayzata, and more particularly its teenagers. Sarff, a 30-year-old bachelor, who teaches 10th and 11th grade English at the local high school, paid \$140.00 for the full-page ad and he used the space to blast the local youngsters in a few hundred well-written and ill-tempered words." With these words CBS news correspondent, Walter Cronkite, began his radio commentary program, *Dimension*. Blizzards, floods, and tornados took second place in our community's conversation to this explosive happening.

Mr. Sarff criticized the school system calling it "... a spiritual slough of mediocrity and sophistication." "... the school is a reflection of the community. ... Thus we (the teachers) are told that the most important consideration in our work is—not the teaching of wisdom—but good public re-

lations. Good public relations!" He criticized the community . . . "the slick, empty 'modern living' that is seen at its worst in this town." But in Mr. Sarff's avowed attempt to "gun down everything in sight" he directed the bulk of his ammunition against the teenagers, his students! He wrote:

But to get a general picture of what makes me splenitive, step into a classroomful of this year's seniors and take a look. Wear an overcoat against the chill, though—because, Dear Reader, they are frozen solid with sophistication. Any value dearly held, whether by teacher or fellow-student, and any emotion produced by any value, are killed by sneering indifference. No matter what the value, no matter what the motion, a cold draft fills the atmosphere.

At eighteen they already know everything they need to know. They know how to seize upon the opportunities others have built for them, and they believe they can seize upon them at leisure too.

From those who have closed themselves off to poetry, music, theater, creative writing, painting—anything to which one gives of his "self" and "ego," and therefore anything that demands that a "self" exist—I have heard rationalizations that make me physically sick. One knot of the willfully de-

Any value, any emotion . . .

mented smugly tell you that they prefer to produce for their clique. That means a mutual admiration society of mediocrities creating mediocrity for those whose judgments are guaranteed to be flattering—or at least safe, since hidden from any court of higher standards. Another group, much larger, have ceased to create and to respond, on the ground that such things are not important.

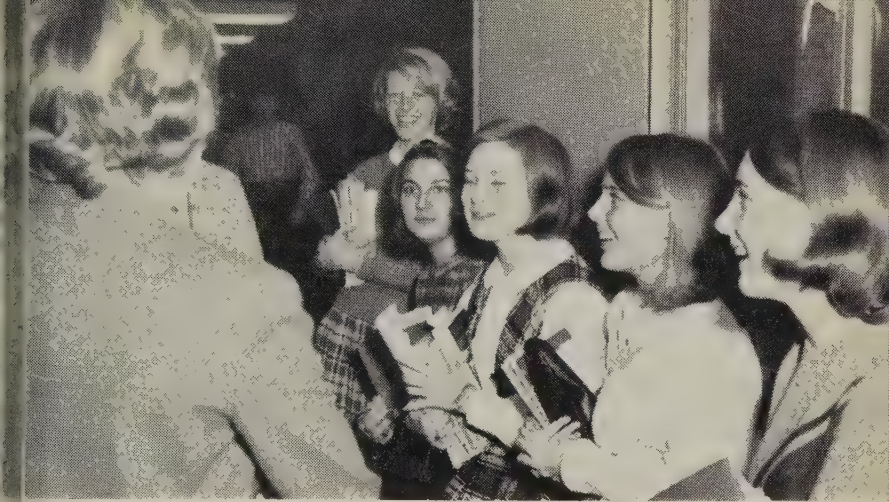
Not important! That is the bored sophistry of a human trying to become less than human. They would rather eat pizzas, go to "cool" dances, ride convertibles, try on the latest in ski-sweaters, and contemplate the busy social calendar for next year, when they will "go collegiate."

The Class of 1965—the product of suburban parenthood and suburban schooling—is a mass of bored, indifferent, dulled mediocrities or tittering good timers. They are dead in every sense of the word except viscerally. But what are the causes of this mass dying?

One is the indifference of parents to their get's attaining excellence in any but popularly accepted activities. . . . Another is a tight-minded Puritanism at its cynical worst, expressing itself in a pathological suspicion of teachers who work best with individuals on a personal basis. . . . Another is the spiritual poverty of the overworked fathers who are wearing themselves out trying to keep up the luxurious life . . . and for the most part take no more interest in their sons' and daughters' cultural development than they did in their own.

. . . Another is the bewildering army of busybodies and charlatans who advise, cajole, and control the lives of boys and girls who are better off making some decisions—yes, and some mistakes of their own.

To be sure, youth is always under pressures. But those to which a Wayzata adolescent usually yields only perpetuate the slick, empty, "modern



ed by sneering indifference

ng" that is seen at its worst in this town. It is . . . a blurred descent into oblivion, because—having exhausted its substance by age 17, and knowing nothing else—they become bored with themselves, with others, and with life. Intimidated to catatonia by the college-or-else propaganda that drips from a million mouths, the students take courses they neither want nor need in the long-range expectation that with a college diploma they too can someday have a house on the bay. . . .

There is too much organized play for the boys, who should be enjoying games of their own invention—and too little for the girls who soon learn that the worst tragedy life can hold is to be seen parading before the bleachers during a basketball game with their hair mussed.

There is too much "how-to-be-popular" propagandizing, with a meaningless smile and a slapped back substituting for genuine affection, so that the young learn how (in Wordsworth's phrase) to extend "greetings where no kindness is." As for the churches, they have become mere social centers for mother-daughter and father-son banquets and the like. Able to teach only a rote religion, they function chiefly as exemplars of the hypocrisy of the times.

Do not wonder, then that the few young people who do develop ideals usually retreat to sullen corners, there to guard them from pollution in the moral sewer from which they fled. But such introversion makes them inaccessible to the vitality of human give-and-take where it does exist—and from there they will never learn anything really new for the rest of their lives except how to hate and how to brood. They have sustained too much pressure, heard too much advice, and seen too many bored faces. The crib of popular suburban culture is in some ways not much worse than the coffin of total withdrawal from humanity.



I cannot bear to witness hone

The kids are learning that they can do anything or nothing as they choose with impunity—because adults are bound to some mysterious edict to tolerate everything.

I tell you, I have seen enough of living death. The petrification of once-vital young person is a sight so ugly to me that all my senses reel from it. I cannot look into eyes that have lost their luster and then walk into classroom and teach. I cannot look at the down-cast faces of boys and girls whose parents have pulled them out of experiences they really wanted, or the sight of students who suffered with me being turned into masses of nerves on my account.

I cannot bear to witness gentleness turned sour and curiosity turned to sophistication.

A teacher sees the future results of his endeavors through the students whom he has taught. I cannot contemplate the future through a screen of premature senility and still keep up what has been self-deception all along. And I cannot take a steady unveiled look at what is happening to my own spirit in the process without speeding to freedom as fast and as far as my car will carry me.

I ask you to think of the community and its school as a diseased organism.

The reaction to this criticism in our community, both pro and con, was intense and varied. Those "against" would point to the many young people who, even at that time were not playing it "cool" but giving up Saturdays and Sundays to stack sand bags in flood-stricken neighboring communities. Others said his judgment was not fair if it suggested that our school community and teenagers were any worse than the general population of our country as a whole. The latter argument was answered by those who

and, even if our community is no different than many in the affluent United States, a disease is no less deadly because it has reached epidemic proportions.

The response from people outside of the community would suggest that Mr. Sarff's words hit a sensitive nerve. Following his "Open Letter" in the local paper he appeared on several local and national radio and television programs in the United States and Canada and the story was written up in *Newsweek*. Our own youth fellowship had him over for a discussion one night. *The Minnetonka Herald* printed extra copies of his ad and sold hundreds by mail. Mr. Sarff received over 600 personal letters of response many of which said, "you described our local situation exactly."

Just before Mr. Sarff published his ad he resigned from the school system and at the completion of the school year left the teaching profession to go to his hand at free-lance writing. Before he left our community I had lunch with him and asked him some questions. The following is, in part, our conversation.

Curiosity turned to sophistication

QUESTION: Mr. Sarff, your criticism has taken many forms and you have looked about a number of issues since your original article was published. Out of all of this what would you say is your principal concern—what is the key concern?

ANSWER: The key issue for the young people in our day is the development of meaningful freedom. They need to develop freedom with content, they must become aware of choices. Now young people are slaves of their environment. True freedom comes through struggle and engagement. Parents don't like to see their children suffer any inconveniences and so they protect them. Soon the children develop a dependency on convenience and luxury. They never have a feeling of accomplishment because they have never engaged in a difficult struggle. They are deaf to the meaning of the word responsibility. Their lives are shallow. They can't handle conflicting responsibilities. They have ethics without basic principles. Hardly any of them have made any commitment that explains existence and their lives are a round of escape and blindness. They need an integrated new way of life if they are to find meaningful freedom.

QUESTION: Many of your students have said that you were one of the best teachers they ever had. One newspaper article quoted a student as saying, "You learn more from Mr. Sarff in one day than you do from the other teachers in a year." What is your secret for bringing out the best in students?

ANSWER: That quote is a great exaggeration. If I have any success as a teacher it is because I have discovered, and I am not proud of this fact,

how to use flattery. Use flattery, give them approval. High school students are too easily crushed by negative criticism. They do not have enough self-respect. When I grade themes I try and find something of which I can speak approvingly. I did not start out that way but I found when I offered even gentle negative criticism the students were crushed. They gave up. They quit. This is too bad, for excellence cannot be achieved until one recognizes his faults. Students must face up to criticism. Now most of them are so afraid of being misunderstood that they are straight-jacketed in their thinking and writing. They play it safe and "cool"!

QUESTION: What do you think that the church could best do to help young people today?

ANSWER: Disband.

QUESTION: Why?

ANSWER: The Church does harm. It tells them there is a force that cannot be seen—this is untrue. The Church perpetuates the status quo. It is an institution concerned with perpetuating itself. It teaches a lot of nonsense to seem important so that it can get money to survive.

If the church is to have meaning

QUESTION: Other than disbanding can you see anything the church can do to be relevant?

ANSWER: If the church is to have any meaning it must engage and argue. The church must present an honest alternative. It should not be wishy-washy. It must make its position clear—no double-talk, and at the same time permit its people to hear lots of points of view. The church should invite controversy. Engage the school and other institutions in debate. Wrestle with real issues. No fawning but real engagement. It must know its own position, state it, and then engage the alternatives in debate.

QUESTION: How have you changed through all this controversy?

ANSWER: My own role has changed. When I first wrote the ad, I was full of self-pity and self-justification. I believe now that my position was as false as the others. I now feel I have a bigger purpose. I see a new role developing as a critic of society in a more understanding way. Most speakers "butter up kids" and the students hate it. They like a man who does not kowtow. When I was in Montreal on a radio question and answer program where the teenagers call in questions, I saw a radio disc jockey who does not butter them up. He speaks the truth to them and they like it. I want to see if I can make a living as a writer speaking the truth as I see it.

QUESTION: In your original ad you said that one of the causes for teenagers being like they are was all of the pressure that adults put on them. How do adults keep from being just another pressure?

ANSWER: When adults work with youth they should not make it a love issue. They should be more objective, more detached. This is prob-



it must engage and argue

the root of evil in my own teaching. I get too involved, I care too much and then soon I find the students are writing to please me rather than coming to a position freely. Instead of freeing themselves, too much concern makes them more anxious to please. Maybe it means that we adults just show them that we love them even when they don't do what we want them to do.

And so the interview ended.

A year ago our suburban area underwent blizzards, floods, tornadoes, and Mr. Sarff. It is almost as difficult to sum up the affect of this angry young teacher as it is to sum up the weather. Maybe Walter Cronkite came as close as it is possible when he finished his program on *Dimension* by saying: Mr. Sarff did put his finger on something that is worrying lots of people not just in Wayzata. Some young people and older ones too, for that matter, are becoming so interested in the good, comfortable life, they are losing their enthusiasm; the kind of yearning which sends a man into outer space and makes him fight a tough political battle here on earth. It would seem that Mr. Sarff's pupils were right when they said 'he makes people think' and Wayzata may find every school needs at least one teacher like him."

Wayzata lost this teacher—but he left some people who are still thinking about what he said and did. ▼

ROBERT W. SIMPSON / Rev. Robert Simpson is associate minister of the Wayzata Community Church (U.C.C.) and advisor to the church's youth fellowship.



*A reminder
To all youth
readers...*

All entries (creative writing, art work, photos, sculpture) due at YOUTH office (Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102) by no later than May 1, 1966.

Remember: No more than five entries per person.

Those whose entries are published in our Creative Arts issue (August) will receive \$25.

touch & go

It is hard to understand how one magazine can be alternately so good and so bad! Just when we are ready to "sell" our church on renewing its subscriptions to YOUTH for all its young people because of its usually excellent content, something like the January 16 issue comes out with the lead article, "The Beatles and Me"! It is hard to imagine what possible good could come from such an article or what purpose the editors had in mind for including it. Is our church becoming one which simply mirrors society or conforms to it? What has happened to our faith in Christ through His church to transform and change lives and society? Are we no longer teaching our young people that

if Christ really dwells in a person's heart, he is no longer attracted to that which is base and inferior?

Perhaps the editors thought that something that "appeals to youth" might help sell more subscriptions. If it does, I fear it reflects the general decadence of our times which has filtered even into the church of Christ.

—Anonymous

We received our regular 30 copies of the January 16 issue of YOUTH magazine last week and put them on the table where our senior high young people pick them up Sunday evenings. However, Sunday morning our Children's and Junior High Choirs were singing and gobbled up all available copies before the high schoolers knew they were available. Obviously the cover and lead article had a great appeal.

—J.B. / Kent, Ohio

To have an immature child write an item like this is understandable but to have it pass an editor's blue pencil is beyond my comprehension.

Of course, it is a kind of spontaneous reaction to reply with the same kind of immaturity. But even that won't relieve the agony of not being a party to what we have done.

Please, let's turn the lights off. Let's leave the ash tray, the brush and the used soap to die in oblivion. Let's hold up something worth holding up.

—Name withheld on request

EDITOR'S NOTE: For all of you who do not understand why we printed a young person's story about the Beatles, we suggest you read the poem "Chameleon," on page 32 of the January issue. Shhh! Now the secret's really out!

In addition to the letters on the preceding page, we received other comments on Anna Snyder's article "The Beatles and Me" which appeared in our January 16th issue. Among them was the following satire written by Vicki Van Horn, entitled "Sheep in a Four Fold."



... SHEEP IN A FOUR FOLD

The first thing I did when we arrived in the city was to beg my cousin to take me to a service at the Church of the Four Saints. She laughed at my excitement, but I knew that she felt the same surge of emotion that I did as we entered the sanctuary. I bowed my head in silent screams, then sat up and looked around curiously. On the left of the altar was a beautiful ethnic stereo. The white paraments had "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" embroidered in gold. Above the altar, banked with flowers and candles, hung the Symbol of the Golden Record.

I gazed at it reverently while I listened to the prelude, "A King Might Kiss the Guiding Starr." The Service progressed to the kirie, "John have mercy upon us; George have mercy upon us; Paul have mercy upon us; Ringo have mercy upon us." The lessons were read from *In His Own Right*. The first theme, "Our Help in Ages Past," was followed by the Ten Commandments. The congregation murmured, "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" in response.

After the prayer to Our Saints which art in Liverpool the service closed with "P. S., I Love You."

We left the sanctuary to tour the adjacent crypt containing relics and symbols. Glass cases contained shreds of clothing torn by frantic crowds from the martyred bodies. There were a ciggie butt from St. George, a shoe once blown into by St. John, a guitar string never touched by St. Paul, and a ring which had belonged to St. Ringo. At one end of the room, heavily guarded, was the Holy of Holies. Behind the blessed font of rum and coke stood the Lock of Ages, four different shades of hair bound in gold. I gasped and fell to my knees in adoration. ▼

VICKI VAN HORN / Miss Van Horn is 17 years old and a resident of Pottstown Pa. She is a former winner in our Creative Arts Competition.

sign up for summer



EUROPEAN ECUMENICAL WORKCAMPs / For the first time, the Commission of the European Communities is opening several overseas summer projects to high school students. Four such projects will be open to high school registrants this summer—and each project can take four American high school young people. They are as follows:

BALLYCASTLE, CO-ANTRIM, NORTHERN IRELAND

Dates: August 13 to September 2

Age: 16 to 21 years

The Corrymeela Church Centre wants to use an EWC for manual work (construction of an open-air chapel, landscaping, painting, and decoration) and for the ecumenical experience to be introduced into its program.

TALGARTH, BRECONSHIRE, WALES

Dates: July 21 to August 22

Age: 16 to 21 years

A Welsh Presbyterian Centre is to be made into an ecumenical retreat house for young laymen and ordinands. Campers should do landscaping, re-lay concrete path, re-construct and re-decorate a chapel.

NORTH SUNDERLAND, NORTHUMBERLAND

Dates: July 30 to August 27

Age: 16 to 21 years

Adaptation of buildings by 14-18 participants in existing camp site and hostel for the Durham and Newcastle Dioceses Education Committee. Transforming a garage into a dormitory, set up washing facilities, and make double bunk beds.

FREISTADT, AUSTRIA

Dates: July 18 to August 6

Age: 17 to 25 years

Eighteen participants. Harvesting and help for poorer farmers. Saturdays and Sundays free, 45 hours of work per week. The farmers pay for board and lodging or give food.



Ken Thompson

WORK STUDY SEMINAR FOR YOUNG ARTISTS / The Department of Youth Ministry of the Commission on Ecumenical Voluntary Service on the NCCCUSA is sponsoring a special seminar to explore the relationship between the arts and the church for persons who are juniors or seniors in high school or freshman in college (or the equivalent).

This seminar will be held July 1 - August 13, 1966 in New York City. Those applying must be sufficiently skilled in their particular art form (artist, musician, dancer, writer, etc.) to be able to work alone or to work with others in the practice of his art. This may mean basic teaching of children, youth or adults (individuals or groups), responsible participation in events already underway in the parish or neighborhood, or learning from others with whom we work. The participant's time will be divided essentially in three ways: (1) private or small group practice of their art, with opportunity for work with professional artists in their area; (2) development of relationships with persons in our church or area around the practice of one's skill (such as through teaching); (3) individual and seminar-group study and discussion of the meaning of the work of an artist, discovery of what it means to live together as artists in the context of the church, exploration of service through the arts, and listening to what the artist is saying about himself and his world in our own experience. **COST:** Approximately \$200 plus travel (fee includes room, board, insurance, and the project fee).

FOR APPLICATION BLANKS OR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT EITHER THE OVERSEAS WORK CAMPS OR THE WORK STUDY SEMINAR WRITE DIRECTLY TO:

Ecumenical Voluntary Service, 475 Riverside Drive (Room 825), N.Y., N.Y. 10027

THE DEADLINE FOR APPLICATION TO ANY OF THE PROJECTS IS MAY 1, 1966.

**I REF
HIGH SCHOOL
BASKETBALL**



© ROBERT ALDRICH / Midway through the third quarter, with the home team 14 points behind, I called a technical foul against the home coach for "baiting" his opponents during attempted offensive drives. From that point on, the fans raised a continual bedlam every time a violation was called—and at the end of the game a boy of ten hurried over to me and shouted in my face: "Boy, you sure are a lousy ref!"

I jokingly said to a partner the other night at a game that I only referee games in order to hear the "Star Spangled Banner" played and sung. But, really the main reason that I'm a referee is that despite the drawbacks, I want to stay with the game I love. Many referees played in their youth, some as bench riders, and others as stars. Personally, I think I stay with the game to "star" as an official because I was never able to achieve such recognition as a player. And there are some very fine basketball officials who have never shot a basket in their lives.

Every official is trying to be a positive influence in terms of good sportsmanship and good citizenship. He must have a love of youth to do a good job at officiating. Refereeing also keeps one in pretty good physical condition, and keeps the reflexes active—therefore, good health is one of its rewards. All in all, officials find the work rewarding and exciting. Those who do not, soon give it up.

I began refereeing as a high school teacher—and now that I am a minister, I find it is a wonderful way to get rid of the many tensions that pile up during a week of parish work. I don't find that the fans treat me any differently now that I'm a minister than they did before. I get cussed out, sometimes vilely, just as others do. But, as a minister I find that being a referee is a good way to work directly with youth, even though I can now only call games on Friday evenings.

I believe that one of the toughest problems in high school officiating is to deal with the bad attitudes of certain coaches. Although such cases are not the rule, they do come up. When a coach from his position on the bench begins to question an official's calls—without exception his team and the official literally go to pieces.

Perhaps what is basically at fault is the desire to win at all costs. . . . Many coaches are under pressure from the community or the school to have a winning team.

There is little doubt in my mind that referees are called upon to take abuse from fans and coaches alike because of the kind of game being played today, and because of much basic misunderstanding of the rules. Basketball is played exceedingly fast, and officials' views of the action are often blocked by many of the ten fast-moving players in front of them. Thus, an official often misses some violation which is obvious to the fans. Further, some rules have changed almost every year, and some of these changes and new rules are still foreign to the fans.

Yet, the referee is also human and therefore bound to make some mistakes. The majority of the violations on which a ref blows a whistle are *judgment calls*. He doesn't make errors because he is crooked, or wants to

Needed: demonstration games to exp

cheat somebody, or doesn't know the rules. Blowing the whistle takes split second timing for which you must have quick reflexes. If a referee waits a second too long on something he "thinks he saw happen" it may be too late to stop the play. Fans saw the infraction, but they didn't have to react in a split second as did the official.

There is a need for student councils or school administrators to take a positive approach toward the problems of referees vs. teams, both at the beginning of each new season, and during the current season. For example, why not hold a demonstration in the school gym, with two teams and qualified officials? At each violation or foul, the play could be stopped and the officials could explain the call and his interpretation.

The other night I was soundly booed for taking the ball away from an offensive player who had been wildly swinging his elbows, even though he had made no contact with another player. This wasn't a foul, just a violation—but the fans were not aware that this was a violation because of changes in the rules. Nor do referees win applause when we call a foul on the player who has the ball and is driving towards his basket. (The offensive player must have his head and shoulders ahead of any guard if subsequent contact that may occur is not to be blamed on him.) Also, the kicking of a loose ball must be intentional for a violation to be called. These are just a few of the recent situations in which I have found myself in trouble with the fans, where I wished I might have had an opportunity to explain my decision and the rule behind it. I seriously feel that relationships between athletes, spectators, officials and coaches, would be improved by such demonstrations of the rules of the game could be held.

Secondly, I feel it would be valuable if school athletic sponsors could explain how they get their officials and how they pay them.

Another suggestion would be that school papers and local papers in their sports section—as well as announcers on radio and TV—could explain situations which have caused bad blood between fans and referees. New rules and play situations could also be reported on in such a way.

While the game is in progress, it would also be a great help to the officials if spectators could be kept off the floor while the game is alive. In many gyms there is a constant parade of people on the sidelines of the court—and such movement—including that of the cheerleaders—is bound to be distracting to officials, and players, alike.

My last two suggestions are bound to be unpopular—but I feel they would add a great deal to the game as a whole.

First, it would be of great help if every coach would temporarily bench any hot-headed player, or one who tries to get the fans to pity him, until he cools off. Any player who intentionally fouls another should be immediately removed from the game, as should a player who has a technical foul called on him for profanity or slamming the ball down in anger. Further

and old rules

community should take steps to see that coaches who create bad attitudes among players are removed from this responsibility. Lastly, we must play down the desire to win all the time. If we could convince players that holding on to their basketball uniforms, and thus their schools, may be harmful to their youth in the long run, athletic contests would improve. In the case of coaches at this point, I know that they have a tougher job than the referees—the community often puts the pressure on them to win. After many games where a coach has jumped off the bench, protested officials' calls, or shouting at the opponents, he has apologized afterward.

Despite the problems, and the frustrations, I want to say, on behalf of the young people I have known in the officiating business, I have never seen an instance where young men on the playing floor, or the young people in the stands have themselves caused problems. Of course, there is occasional profanity or loss of temper, but complete breakdowns that sometimes come in a contest are generally either because of the attitude of the coaches or a large segment of the older fans.

Just a few nights ago I was involved in officiating a game which went into two overtimes before one team came out on top—and the attitude of the ten players and the coaches was superb. This experience and the many others like it are what make it worthwhile for me to continue to blow the whistle in high school athletic contests—and help me to keep my nickname of "Smiley."

Good sportsmanship, good conduct and behavior typical of gentlemen on the part of players and coaches are really possible.

ROBERT ALDRICH / Rev. Robert Aldrich is pastor of the First Congregational Church of Fargo, N.D., as well as being an official basketball coach for high school games.



Religion is a neutral word. A religious man can be a Christian, a Muslim, a Mormon, a Buddhist, an animist. To be religious is therefore certainly not the same thing as being Christian.

And the other way 'round? Is a Christian always a religious man? That depends on what we call "religion." If religion only means "responding to God's revelation," then a Christian is religious—be it in a very special sense. But if "religious" indicates man's aspiration to reach God on his own initiative, a Christian is not religious, because he believes that God came to him and not the other way around. And if "religion" is preoccupied, with personal salvation and supernatural speculation, Christians are even against it. We are preoccupied, like Jesus, with the salvation of others and with this world.

(But don't tell the religious people that! "Blasphemy!" they'll say.)

